



LYRICS BOOK

*But the reefs of the graveyard never sleep
When those winter gales blow mean
The westerly currents strong and deep,
And the umatilla light-ship never seen*

Rescue ships came into view, there was nothing they could do
But watch that cursed and failing ship and the count of dead it grew
The ocean foam, red with blood, dead bodies filled the slew
Had there been a way to save those lives,
there was not a soul who knew

That year was bleak 1906 and we must recall the tale
Three nights and days they fought to live, that ship did not prevail
She broke up on the rocks me boys, and slid into the deep
While women's voices on the wind sang Nearer My God to Thee”

*But the reefs of the graveyard never sleep
Where Valencia's dead they weep
The Westerly currents strong and deep,
And the umatilla light-ship never seen*

*But the reefs of the graveyard never sleep
When those winter gales blow mean
The westerly currents strong and deep,
And the umatilla light-ship never seen*

THE WRECK OF THE VALENCIA

Winter seas, your heart to freeze the northwinds howl and whine
The aging skipper strained his eye through darkness fog and brine
Where was that light ship beacon that would guide him to the strait?
Thirty fathoms shouts the leadsman on that stormy west coast night

A boiling sea was rising fast, No light-house beaming pale
Pachena Point was to the south, as we floundered off Cape Beale
We felt a shock as we struck the rocks so we turned the ship to sea
And we heard the howling engines die & the ripping steel scream

*But the reefs of the graveyard never sleep
When those winter gales blow mean
The westerly currents strong and deep,
And the umatilla light-ship never seen*

The wheel-house crew was desperate, with panic and with fear
Captain Johnson shouts aloud and his order it was clear
I will not sink in waters deep, so this I do decree-
Full steam ahead for the shore” he roars to be what has to be

Cliffs rose high above our ship, swells rolled across the decks
You could hear the breakers crash and roar and feel the fear of death
Feel the fear of death me boys, take hold of every soul
As the people poured onto the decks from their cabins down below

*But the reefs of the graveyard never sleep
When those winter gales blow mean
The westerly currents strong and deep,
And the umatilla light-ship never seen*

Screaming children shook in fright, nowhere they could flee
The cruel breakers drowned their cries and swept them out to sea
Swept them out to sea me boys to die upon the reef
Parents fell down to their knees wailing in their grief

The crew they fired the signal flares, the lifeboats lowered to sea
The search lights showed the grim details of a scene beyond relief
Faces wracked in agony, bodies broken on the reef
The ones on deck could only watch, through the icy wind, and sleet



THE HOUNDS OF CUCHULAIN

LYRIC BOOK

2024

edited by madeleine townley



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They took me to the jailhouse, with judges all a writin'
 For robbing Colonel Farrell on Gilgarry Mountain.
 But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down,
 And bid a farewell to this tight fisted town.

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da [clap clap clap clap!]
 Whack fall the daddy-o, [clap clap!] whack fall the daddy-o
 There's whiskey in the jar*

If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army
 If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
 And if he'll go with me, we'll go roamin' through Kilkenney
 And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own sportin' Jenny

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da [clap clap clap clap!]
 Whack fall the daddy-o, [clap clap!] whack fall the daddy-o
 There's whiskey in the jar*

There's some take delight in the carriages a rollin'
 And others take delight in the hurly and the bowling
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley
 And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da [clap clap clap clap!]
 Whack fall the daddy-o, [clap clap!] whack fall the daddy-o
 There's whiskey in the jar*

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da [clap clap clap clap!]
 Whack fall the daddy-o, [clap clap!] whack fall the daddy-o
 There's whiskey in the jar*

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced me pistol and I then produced me rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da [clap clap clap clap!]
Whack fall the daddy-o, [clap clap!] whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar*

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da [clap clap clap clap!]
Whack fall the daddy-o, [clap clap!] whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar*

I went unto my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da [clap clap clap clap!]
Whack fall the daddy-o, [clap clap!] whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar*

'Twas early in the morning, before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she'd stolen away my rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

*Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da [clap clap clap clap!]
Whack fall the daddy-o, [clap clap!] whack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar*

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ALL FOR ME GROG

*And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog,
It's all for me beer and tobacco.
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.*

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots,
They're all gone for beer and tobacco.
For the heels they are worn out
and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather.

*And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog,
It's all for me beer and tobacco.
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.*

Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt,
It's all gone for beer and tobacco,
For the collar is all worn,
and the sleeves they are all torn,
And the tail is looking out for better weather.

*And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog,
It's all for me beer and tobacco.
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.*

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed,
Since first I came ashore from me slumber,
For I spent all me dough
on the lassies don't you know,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.

*And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog,
It's all for me beer and tobacco.
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.*

And saw what it had done, Christ I wished I was dead
Never knew there were worse things than dying

And no more I'll go waltzing Matilda
To the green bushes so far and near
For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they collected the cripples, the wounded and maimed
And they shipped us back home to Australia
The legless, the armless, the blind and insane
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay
I looked at the place where me legs used to be
And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me
To grieve and to mourn and to pity

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As they carried us down the gangway
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared
And they turned all their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch
And I watch the parade pass before me
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march
Reliving their dreams of past glory
I see the old men, all twisted and torn
The forgotten heroes of a forgotten war
And the young people ask me, "What are they marching for?"
And I ask myself the same question

And the band plays Waltzing Matilda
And the old men still answer to the call
But year after year their numbers get fewer
Some day no one will march there at all
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll go a-waltzing Matilda with me?

AND THE BAND PLAYED WALTZING MATILDA

When I was a young man I carried my pack
And I lived the free life of a rover
From the Murrays green basin to the dusty outback
I waltzed my Matilda all over
Then in nineteen fifteen my country said Son
It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's work to be done
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun
And they sent me away to the war

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we sailed away from the quay
And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the cheers
We sailed off to Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day
When the blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well
He showered us with bullets, he rained us with shells
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell
Nearly blew us right back to Australia

But the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury our slain
And we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then it started all over again

Now those who were living did their best to survive
In that mad world of blood, death and fire
And for seven long weeks I kept myself alive
While the corpses around me piled higher
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over tit
And when I woke up in my hospital bed

AULD TRIANGLE

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

To begin the morning the warder bawling
'Get up you bowsie and clean up your cell'
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

On a fine spring evening the lag lay dreaming
And the gulls wheeling high over the wall
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

Oh, the screw was peeping and the lag was sleeping
As he lay weeping for his girl, Sal
And that auld triangle went "jingle, jangle"
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

The day was dying and the wind was sighing
As I lay crying in my prison cell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

In the female prison there are seventy five women
'Tis among them I wish I did dwell
And that old triangle could go jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

Oh, the year was 1778
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
A letter of marque came from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

CHORUS:

*God damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers*

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

[CHORUS]

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

[CHORUS]

On the King's birthday we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

[CHORUS]

On the 96th day we sailed again
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight

THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

CHORUS:

*And it's no, nay, never [clap clap clap clap!]
No, nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more*

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
I told the landlady my money was spent
I ask her for credit, she answered me nay
Such a custom as yours I can have any day

[CHORUS]

I brought from me pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said: 'I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that you told me were only in jest'

[CHORUS]

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they've caressed me, as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

[CHORUS x2]

WAXIE'S DARGLE

Says my old one to your old one
Will ye come to the Waxies dargle?
Says your old one to my old one, I haven't got a farthing!
I went up to Monto town to see Uncle McArdle
But he wouldn't give me a half a crown
For to go to the Waxies dargle

CHORUS:

*What will ya have? I'll have a pint!
I'll have a pint with you, sir!
And if one of ya' doesn't order soon
We'll be kicked out of the boozier!*

Says my old one to your old one
Will ye go to the Galway races?
Says your old one to my old one
I'll hawk me aul' man's braces
I went up to Capel Street to the Jewish moneylenders
But he wouldn't give me a couple of bob
For the aul' man's red suspenders

[CHORUS]

Says my old one to your old one
We got no beef or mutton
If we went up to Monto town
We might get a drink for nothin'
Here's a nice piece of advice I got from an aul' fishmonger:
"When food is scarce and you see the hearse
You'll know you've died of hunger!"

[CHORUS x2]

[CHORUS]

Now the Yankee lay low down with gold
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

[CHORUS]

Then at length we stood two cables away
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball, the Yank stove us in

[CHORUS]

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the Main truck carried off both me legs

[CHORUS]

So here I lay in my 23rd year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

[CHORUS]

BLACK & TANS

I was born on a Dublin street
where the Royal drums do beat
And the loving English feet they tramped all over us,
And each and every night
when me father'd come home tight
He'd invite the neighbors outside with this chorus:

CHORUS:

*Come out you black and tans, come out and fight me like a man
Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders
Tell them how the IRA made you run like hell away,
From the green and lovely lanes in Killashandra.*

Come let me hear you tell
How you slandered brave Pernel,
How you fought him well and truly persecuted,
Where are the sneers and jeers
That that give out a little cheer
When our leaders of sixteen were executed.
[CHORUS]

Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien--
How you bravely called them swine!
Robert Emmett who you hung and drew and quartered!
High upon that scaffold high,
How you murdered Henry Joy!
And our Croppy Boys from Wexford you did slaughter!
[CHORUS]

The day is coming fast
And the time is here at last,
When each yeoman will be cast aside before us,
And if there be a need
Sure my kids will sing, "Godspeed!"
To a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus.

[CHORUS x 2]

TRAMPS AND HAWKERS

Oh come all ye tramps and hawker lads
Ye gaitherers o' blaw
That tramps the country round and round
Come listen ane and all
I'll tell to ye a rovin' tale
O' sights that I hae seen
Far up unto the snowy north
And south by Gretna Green

Oftimes I've laughed untae myself
When trudgin' on the road
My toerags round my blistered feet, m
My face as brown as a toad
Wi' lumps o' cake and tattie scones,
Wi' whangs o' braxie ham
Nae gi'en a thought frae where I've been
An' less tae whaur I'm gan

I've seen the high Ben Lomond
A towering tae the moon
I've been by Creiff and Callendar
And roon' by bonny Doon
I've seen Loch Ness' silvery tides
Places ilk ye ken
Far up unto the snowy north
Lies Urquart's fairey glen

I'm happy in the summer time
Beneath the bright blue sky
No thinkin' in the mornin' where
At night I'll hae tae lie
In barn or byre or anywhere,
Dossin' out among the hay
And if the weather treats me
Right I'm happy every day

STREAMS OF WHISKEY

Last night as I slept, I dreamt I met with Behan
I shook him by the hand and we passed the time of day
When questioned on his views
On the crux of life's philosophies
He had but these few clear and simple words to say

CHORUS:

*I am going, I am going
Any which way the wind may be blowing
I am going, I am going
Where streams of whiskey are flowing*

I have cursed, bled and sworn
Jumped bail and landed up in jail
Life has often tried to stretch me
But the rope always was slack
And now that I've a pile
I'll go down to the Chelsea
I'll walk in on my feet
But I'll leave there on my back

[CHORUS]

Oh the words that he spoke
Seemed the wisest of philosophies
There's nothing ever gained
By a wet thing called a tear
When the world is too dark
And I need the light inside of me
I'll walk into a bar
And drink fifteen pints of beer

[CHORUS x 2]

BLACK IS THE COLOUR

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground where on she stands

I love my love and well she knows
I love the ground where on she goes
I wish the day would soon come
When she and I can be as one

I go to the Clyde and I mourne and weep
For satisfied I ne'er can be
I wrote her a letter just a few short lines
And suffered death a thousand times

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground where on she stands

BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprentice to a trade I was bound
And many's an hour's sweet happiness
Have I spent in this neat little town.

A sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

CHORUS:

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Came a traipsing along the highway

She was both fair and handsome
Her neck it was just like a swans'
And her hair is hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band.

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And the gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him
By the look in her roguish black eye

SAM HALL

Oh my name it is Sam Hall chimney sweep, chimney sweep
Oh my name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep
Oh my name it is Sam Hall and I've robbed both great and small
And my neck will pay for all when I die, when I die
And my neck will pay for all when I die

I have twenty pounds in store, that's not all, that's not all
I have twenty pounds in store, that's not all
I have twenty pounds in store and I'll rob for twenty more
For the rich must help the poor, so must I, so must I
For the rich must help the poor, so must I

Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart, in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootehill where I stopped to make my will
Saying the best of friends must part, so must I, so must I
Saying the best of friends must part, so must I

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke
Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke
Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman pulled the rope
And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down, tumbling down
And ne'er a word I spoke tumbling down

Oh my name it is Sam Hall chimney sweep, chimney sweep
Oh my name it is Sam Hall chimney sweep
Oh my name it is Sam Hall and I've robbed both great and small
And my neck will pay for all when I die, when I die
And my neck will pay for all when I die

RODDY MCCORLEY

Oh see the fleet foot host of men
That speed with faces wan,
From farmstead and from fisher's cot
Along the banks of Bann,
They come with vengeance in their eyes
Too late too late are they.
*For young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the bridge of Toome today.*

Up narrow street he steps
Smiling, proud and young,
About the hemp rope on his neck
The golden ringlets clung
There was never a tear in his blue eye,
Both sad and bright are they,
*For young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the bridge of Toome today.*

When he last stepped up that street,
His shinning pike in hand,
Behind him marched in grim array
A stalwart, earnest band.
For Antrim town, for Antrim town,
He led them to the fray,
*And young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the bridge of Toome today.*

There was never a one of all your dead
More bravely fell in fray
Than he who marches to his fate
On the bridge of Toome today.
True to the last, true to the last,
He treads the upward way,
*And young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the bridge of Toome today.*

*And young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the bridge of Toome today.*

A gold watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into my hand
And the very first thing I said was
Bad 'cess to the black velvet band.

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

Before the judge and the jury
Next morning I had to appear
And the judge he said to me 'Young man
Your case is proven clear'

We'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent far away from the land
Far away from your friends and companions
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

BONNIE SHIP THE DIAMOND

The Diamond is a ship, my lads, for the Davis Strait we're bound
The quay it is all garnished with bonnie lasses 'round
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide
Where the sun it never sets, my lads, nor darkness dims the sky

*For it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail
For the bonnie ship the Diamond goes a-hunting for the whale*

Along the quay at Peterhead the lasses stand aroon
Their shawls all pulled around them and the saut tears runnin' doon
Don't you weep, my bonnie wee lass, though you be left behind
The rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our mind

*For it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail
For the bonnie ship the Diamond goes a-hunting for the whale*

Here's a health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan
Three cheers for the Battler of Montrose
And the Diamond, ship of fame
We wear the trousers o' the white, the jackets o' the blue
When we return to Peterhead, we'll hae sweethearts enou'

*For it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail
For the bonnie ship the Diamond goes a-hunting for the whale*

It will be bright both day and night
When the Greenland lads come hame
Our ship full up with oil, my lads, and money to our name
We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear
And every lass in Peterhead sing "Hushabye, my dear"

*For it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail
For the bonnie ship the Diamond goes a-hunting for the whale*

*For it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail
For the bonnie ship the Diamond goes a-hunting for the whale*

*Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

From there I got away, me spirits never falling
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing
Captain at me roared, said that no room had he
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy

Down among the pigs, did some hearty rigs
I played some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling
When off Holy head I wished meself was dead
Or better for instead on the rocky road to Dublin
One, two, three four, five

*Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it
Blood began to boil, temper I was losing
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing

"Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly
Galway's boys were by and saw I was a hobblin'
With a "lo!" and "hurray!" they joined in the affray
Quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin
One, two, three four, five

*Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

*Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

While in the merry month of May, now from me home, I started
Left, the girls of Tuam were nearly broken-hearted
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother

Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born
Cut a stout, black thorn to banish ghosts and goblins
A brand-new pair of brogues to rattle over the bogs
And frighten all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin
A-one, two, three, four, five

*Hunt the hare, and turn her down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight, next morning blithe and early
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from shrinking
That's the Paddy's cure when'er he's on for drinking

To hear the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
They asked me was I hired, and wages I required to lay
Was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin
One, two, three, four, five

*Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin, whack-follol-de-dah*

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality
Bundle it was stolen, in a neat locality

Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'
'Quiring after the rogue, said me Connaught brogue
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin
One, two, three four, five

BOTANY BAY

CHORUS:
*Farewell to your bricks and mortar
Farewell to your dirty lime
Farewell to your gangways and your gangplanks
And to hell with your overtime
For the good ship Ragamuffin is lying at the quay
For to take out Pat with the shovel on his back
To the shores of Botany Bay*

I'm on my way down to the quay,
where the good ship lies in bay
To command a gang of navvies, I was told to engage
I stopped in for to drink a while, thought it was okay
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship
To the shores of Botany Bay

[CHORUS]

Well, the foreman called this mornin'
He said "Well Pat, hello
If you didn't get them navvies out,
I'm afraid you'll have to go"
I asked him for me wages, he told me "Go away"
Then I told him straight I would emigrate
To the shores of Botany Bay

[CHORUS]

And when we reach Australia I'll go and look for gold
There's plenty there for diggin' up, or so I have been told
And if I take a notion I'll go back to me trade
Eight bob I'll life for an eight hour shift
On the shores of Botany Bay

[CHORUS x2]

CROOKED JACK

Come Irishmen both young and stern
With adventure in your soul
There are better ways to spend your days
Than working down a hole

CHORUS:

I was tall and true, all of six foot two
But they broke me across the back
By a name I'm known, but it's not my own
They call me Crooked Jack

The ganger's blue-eyed boy was I,
Big Jack could do no wrong
And the reason simply was because
I could work hard hours and long

I have seen old men before their time
Their faces drawn and gray
But I never thought so soon would mine
Be lined in that self same way

[CHORUS]

I cursed the day I went away
To work on the hydro dams
For sweat and tears, and all those years
Bound up in shuttering jams

They say this honest toil is good
for the spirit and the soul
But believe me lads it's for
sweat and blood they want you down that hole

[CHORUS x2]

RUSTY TIN CUP

Drinkin hard liquor from a rusty tin cup
It will push out the cold, but never bring you back up
You've got nowhere to go and no one to fight
And nothin to bring back into the light

You've gambled and lost, you've wandered behind
Born with a bad hand an unsteady mind
You drink that hard liquor from a cold rusty cup
The rest of your life you spend looking up

Down under your layers of dirt filth and loss
Your heart has turned cold like the deep winter frost
Your loved ones have left you, forgotten in time
As you wander the wastelands on that long dusty line

Your good looks have faded your presence is shunned
No one will care when you're drained of your blood
Your skin it is cracked from the blaze of the sun
Cracked like the desert the rain's come and gone

A thief to survive you take what you find
To breath is chore and your life is a grind
You're drinking hard liquor, from a rusty tin cup
Sinkin each day and there's no way back up

You lay under that bridge on that wintery night
There you lay stiff and cold by the pale mornin light
You'll drink no more liquor from your old rusty cup
Not a soul did care that you never rose up

Drinkin hard liquor from a rusty tin cup
It will push out the cold, but never bring you back up
You've got nowhere to go and no one to fight
And nothin to bring back into the light

RARE AULD MOUNTAIN DEW

Oh let the grasses grow and the waters flow
In a free and easy way
But give me enough of the rare old stuff
That's made near Galway Bay
Come gougiers all from Donegal
Sligo and Leitrim too
And we'll give 'em the slip and we'll take a sip
Of the rare old Mountain Dew

CHORUS:

Skiddle ay del diddle dum, skiddle ay del diddle dum
Skiddle ay del dum diddle dum dey [x2]

There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill
And the smoke curls up to the sky
By a smoke and the smell you can plainly tell
That there's poitín, boys, close by
For it fills the air with a perfume rare
And betwixt both me and you
As home we roll, we'll drink a bowl
Or a bucketful of Mountain Dew [CHORUS]

Whereas learned men as use the pen
Have written your praises high
That sweet poitín from Ireland green
That's made from wheat and rye
Away with your pills, it'll cure all ills
For a Pagan, Christian or Jew
Take off your coat and grease your throat
With a bucketful of Mountain Dew [CHORUS]

Let the grasses grow and the waters flow
In a free and easy way
Give me enough of the rare old stuff
That's made near Galway Bay
Come gougiers all from Donegal
Sligo and Leitrim too
Well, we'll give 'em the slip and we'll take a sip
Of the rare old Mountain Dew [CHORUS x2]

DIRTY OLD TOWN

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm gonna make me a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

EILEEN OG

Eileen Og and that me darling's name is
And through the Barony her features they were famous
If we loved her then who was there to blame us
For wasn't she the pride of Petravore
But her beauty made us all look so shy
Not a man could look her in the eye
Boys, o boys, sure that's the reason why
We're in mourning for the pride of Petravore

CHORUS:

*Eileen Og my heart is growin' grey
Ever since the day you wandered far away
Eileen Og there's good fish in the sea
But there's none of them like the pride of Petravore*

Friday at the fair of Ballintubber
Eileen met McGrath the cattle jobber
I'd like to set me mark upon the robber
For he stole away the pride of Petravore
He never seemed to see the girl at all
Even when she ogled him from underneath her shawl
Looking big and masterful when she was looking small
Most provoking for the pride of Petravore
[CHORUS]

So it went as it was in the beginning
Eileen Og was bent upon the winning
Big McGrath contentedly was grinning
Being courted by the pride of Petravore
Says he I know a girl that could knock you into fits
At that Eileen nearly lost her wits
The upshot of the ruction was that now the robber sits
With his arm around the pride of Petravore
[CHORUS]

Boys, Oh boys! With faith is hard to grapple
Of my eye 'tis Eileen was the apple
Now to see her walking to the chapel
With the hardest featured man in Petravore

In eighteen hundred and forty seven
Poor Paddy was thinkin' of goin' to heaven
Poor Paddy was thinkin' of goin' to heaven
To work upon the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway [CHORUS]

PEATBOG SOLDIERS

Far and wide as the eye can wander,
Heath and bog are everywhere.
Not a bird sings out to cheer us.
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

*We are the peat bog soldiers,
Marching with our spades to the moor.
We are the peat bog soldiers,
Marching with our spades to the moor.*

Up and down the guards are marching,
No one, no one can get through.
Flight would mean a sure death facing,
Guns and barbed wire greet our view.

*We are the peat bog soldiers,
Marching with our spades to the moor.
We are the peat bog soldiers,
Marching with our spades to the moor.*

But for us there is no complaining,
Winter will in time be past.
One day we shall rise rejoicing.
Homeland, dear, you're mine at last.

*No more the peat bog soldiers
Will march with our spades to the moor.
No more the peat bog soldiers
Will march with our spades to the moor.*

PADDY ON THE RAILWAY

In eighteen hundred and forty one
Me corduroy breeches I put on
Me corduroy breeches I put on
To work upon the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty two
From Bartley Pool I moved to Crewe
And I found meself a job to do
Workin' on the railway

CHORUS:

*I was wearing corduroy britches
Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches
I was workin' on the railway*

In eighteen hundred and forty three
I broke me shovel across me knee
And went to work with the company
In the Leeds and Selby Railway [CHORUS]

In eighteen hundred and forty four
I landed on the Liverpool shore
Me belly was empty, me hands were soar
With workin' on the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty five
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive
Daniel O'Connell he was alive
And workin' on the railway [CHORUS]

In eighteen hundred and forty six
I changed me trade from carryin' bricks
Changed me trade from carryin' bricks
To work upon the railway [CHORUS]

Now boys this is all I have to say
When you do your courting make no display
If you want them to run after you just walk the other way
For they're mostly like the pride of Petravore
[CHORUS x2]

FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA

The sun was setting in the west
The birds were singing on every tree
All nature seemed inclined to rest
But still there was no rest for me

CHORUS:

*Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me*

I grieve to leave my native land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my parents whom I held so dear
And the bonny, bonny lassie That I do adore
[CHORUS]

The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm
The Captain calls, and I must obey
So farewell, farewell to my Nova Scotia home
For it's early in the morning that I'm far, far away
[CHORUS]

I had three brothers and they are at rest
Their arms are folded on their chests
But a poor, simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven on the deep, blue sea
[CHORUS x 2]

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd
He had a brogue so rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod

Tim had a bit of the tipp' lin' way
With the love of the liquor now he was born
And to help him on his way each day
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn

*Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
'Round the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake*

One mornin' Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake
He fell off the ladder and he broke his skull
And they carried him home his corpse to wake

Wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head

*Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
'Round the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake*

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought in tea and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch

Biddy Malone began to cry
"Such a lovely corpse did you ever see?
Tim Mavourneen why did you die?"
"Will ye hold your gob" said Molly McGee

PARTING GLASS

Of all the money that e'er I had
I've spent it in good company
And all the harm that ever I done
Alas it was to none but me

And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
They'd wish me one more day to stay

But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be with you all

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in the town
That sorely has my heart beguiled

Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
I own she has my heart enthralled
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all

OUTLAW RAPAREE

My spurs are rusted, my coat is rent,
My plume is damp with rain
And the thistle down and the barley beard,
Are thick on my horse's mane
But my rifle's as bright as my sweetheart's eye,
My arm is strong and free
What care have I for your kings and laws,
I'm an outlaw rapparee

CHORUS:

*Lift your glasses friends with mine
And give a hand to me
I'm England's foe, I'm Ireland's friend,
I'm an outlaw rapparee, I'm an outlaw rapparee*

Hunted from out our father's home,
Pursued with steel and shot
And swift the warfare we must wage,
Or the gibbet be our lot
Hurrah, the war is welcome work,
The hunted outlaw knows
He steps into his country's love
O'er the corpses of his foes

[CHORUS]

A mountain cavern is my home,
High up in the crystal air
My bed is a limestone iron-ribbed,
With the brown heath smelling fair
Let George or William only send,
His troops to burn or shoot
We'll meet them all on equal ground,
And we'll fight them foot to foot

[CHORUS x 2]

*Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
'Round the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake*

Then Mary Murphy took up the job
"O Biddy, " says she "you're wrong I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor

Civil war did soon engage
It was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began

*Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
'Round the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake*

Then Mick Malone he raised his head
When a bottle of whiskey flew at him
It missed and falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim

By God he revives, see how he rises
Tim Finnegan rising from the bed
Said "Whirlin' your whiskey 'round like blazes
Thundering Jesus, do you think I'm dead?"

*Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
'Round the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake*

*Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner
'Round the floor your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!*

FLOWER CLASS CORVETTE

When Cal went off to war in 1943
He was shipped to Halifax by the NSC
To join the good ship Kamloops, led by Captain Stewart
To battle Nazi Wolfpacks in the North Atlantic Seas

Now Cal was Welsh and Irish, wrote prose and poetry
He lived along the river but always loved the sea
He didn't have a penny to feed his family
So he packed away his dreams
And he joined the Eastern fleet

CHORUS:

*When those cold winds blow 'cross the North Atlantic
A Flower Class Corvette's the last place you'd want to be!*

They escorted merchant ships
With the Newfoundland Command
Watched hundreds die at sea from the German Kriegsmarine
Saved the men of York Mar, from the cold icelandic sea
The Luftwaft shredding men,
You could hear their dying screams

[CHORUS]

The Battle for the Atlantic was a brutal tonnage war
Ships by the thousands fell to the ocean floor
The mariners suffered hardships
That shook their souls and minds
Their lives were changed forever
By the war they'd leave behind

[CHORUS]

When Cal rejoined his family in 1944
He was haunted by the memories and visions of the war
He wandered Verdun's alleys, bottle in his hand
The poet dead and gone he was a broken empty man

[CHORUS x2]

(PHONETIC)

CHORUS:

*Oh-roe shay duh vah-ha wall-ya,
Oh-roe shay duh vah-ha wall-ya,
Oh-roe shay duh vah-ha wall-yaaa,
Ah-nish air hawkt un tauw-ree!*

Shay duh vah-ha uh vahn bah layn-var,
B-Ay air grack too veh EEnn gay-vin,
Do-oo-EEv rah-EE shay-live mare-lawchk...
Iss too deal-tah lesh nah Gah-live!

[CHORUS]

Tah gran-yah wail egg chawkt ar saul-yah
Oh-gulEE ar-muh lay mahr gard-uh
Gayl EE-ad fayn iss nEE Gahl nah spahn-EE...
Iss cur-fee(d) shEE-id roo-ig air Gah-live!

[CHORUS]

Ah vEE leh rEE nah vairt guh veck-ann
Mun-uh mEEn b-yo in-uh jeh-i(d)-ock shawktan
Gran-yah wail iss mEE-leh gahsh-kEE...
Egg foe-gurt fahn air Gah-live!

[CHORUS x 2]

ORO SE DO BHEATHA BHAILE

(IRISH GAELIC)

CHORUS

Oro 'se do bheatha 'bhaile
Oro se do bheatha 'bhaile
Oro se do bheatha 'bhai - le
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh

'Sé do bheatha, a bhean ba léanmhar
Do bé ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibhin
Do dhúiche bhreá i seilbh meirleach
'S tú díolta leis na Gallaibh.

[CHORUS]

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile
óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,
Gaeil iad féin is ní Gaillná Spáinnigh
'S cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh.

[CHORUS]

A bhuí le Rí na bhFeart go bhfeiceam
muna mbeam beo ina dhiaidh ach seachtain
Gráinne Mhaol agus míle gaiscíoch
ag fógairt fáin ar Ghallaibh.

[CHORUS x 2]

FOGGY DEW

As down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I.
There armed lines of marching men
In squadrons passed me by.
No pipe did hum, no battle drum
Did sound its loud tattoo,
But the Angelus Bells o'er the Liffey swells
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high in Dublin town
Hung they out a flag of war.
T'was better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Sulva or Sud el Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurrying through
While Brittania's huns with their long-range guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

"Twas England bade our Wild Geese go,
that "small nations might be free"
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
On the shores of the great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side
Or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their graves we will keep where the Fenians sleep,
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew

The bravest fell and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide
In the springing of the year.
While the world did gaze with deep amaze
At those fearless men but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew.

GINGER GOODWIN

“Oh then tell me Mr. Goodwin where do you hurry so?”
“For the western hills of Cumberland on foot I do go.
Those lawmen have it for me, want me dead or alive,
So with my trusty band of friends it’s there I do fly.”

“From Halifax to smoky Trail, to the Comox Valley too
In every pit and smelting town I fought for me and you.
But I’ll not face the hangman, nor rot in some dreary cell
So for one final desperate stand, I bid you farewell.”

CHORUS:

*Hear the winds of summer blowing, the sea upon the shore
I’ll fight and die upon the hill, they’ll harry me no more*

“Another martyr for the Left is all I’ll ever be
They need their heroes, I suppose, in place of being free.
So I’ll take up my rifle, I guess it has to be.
For I’d rather flee and fight and die, than live in misery.”

[CHORUS]

The summer day was fadin as we climbed that rocky hill
I hear that lawman comin, he’s coming for the kill.
The sea it rolls so sweetly, broad silver-clear and cold
Please tell my freinds and family I won’t be coming home.”

[CHORUS]

Dan Campbell murdered Goodwin on a black day in July Longshore men
and shipbuilders, they hung their heads and cried.
The minors they stopped workin to join that funeral train A mile long
procession to Albert’s lonely grave.

[CHORUS x 2]

MUIRSHEEN DURKIN

In the days I went a courtin', I was never tired resortin'
To an alehouse or a playhouse and many's the house beside
But I told me brother Seamus, I'd go off and be right famous
And I'd never would return again, till I'd roam the world wide

*(And it's) goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'
No more I'll dig the prates, and no longer I'll be fooled
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californy
Where instead of diggin' prates, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold!*

I've courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and in Killarney
In Passage and in Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork
Goodbye to all this pleasure I'll be off to take me leisure
And the next time that you hear from me
Will be a letter from New York

*(And it's) goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'
No more I'll dig the prates, and no longer I'll be fooled
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californy
Where instead of diggin' prates, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold!*

Goodbye to all the girls at home, I'm going far across the foam
To try and make me fortune in far America
There's gold and jewels in plenty for the poor and for the gentry
And when I return again, I never more will say:

*Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'
No more I'll dig the prates, and no longer I'll be fooled
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californy
Where instead of diggin' prates, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold!*

*(And it's) goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'
No more I'll dig the prates, and no longer I'll be fooled
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll be off to Californy
Where instead of diggin' prates, I'll be diggin' lumps of gold!*

MILTON STREET MINE DISASTER

In Hub City eighteen eighty seven
In the pits of coal mine number one
There's blood on the coal where dead minors lie
On roads that never saw sun nor sky

In coal town one doesn't sleep with ease
The earth will shake and tremble and will roll
When the earth is restless its then the minors die
Blood & bone shall be their sacrifice

In the pits the black faced minors toil
The rattling belt the roaring cutter's blade
Exploding rock, the walls close around
Burning dust creates a living hell

Down Milton St. under Protection isle
With coming death the collier reconciles
Days still comes, sun still shines
Its like a grave down there in the mines

One fifty dead and trapped beneath the clay
In the darkened pit they lay and sang and prayed
Wrote their farewells in dust upon their spades
And never saw the light of day again

In Hub City eighteen eighty seven
In the pits of coal mine number one
There's blood on the coal where dead minors lie
On roads that never saw sun nor sky
On roads that never saw sun nor sky

GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
And of March the eighteenth day,
We hoisted our colors to the top of the mast
And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys,
And for Greenland sailed away.

The lookout in the crosstrees stood
With spyglass in his hand;
There's a whale, there's a whale,
And a whalefish he cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys
She blows at every span.

The captain stood on the quarter deck,
The ice was in his eye;
Overhaul, overhaul! Let your gibsheets fall,
And you'll put your boats to sea, brave boys
And you'll put your boats to sea.

Our harpoon struck and the line played out,
With a single flourish of his tail,
He capsized the boat and we lost five men,
And we did not catch the whale, brave boys,
And we did not catch the whale.

The losing of those five jolly men, It grieved the captain sore,
But the losing of that fine whalefish
Now it grieved him ten times more, brave boys
Now it grieved him ten times more.

Oh Greenland is a barren land A land that bares no green
Where there's ice and snow, and the whalefishes blow
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
And the daylight's seldom seen.

HAPPY THAT YOU'RE GONE

One can never tell the way
That our lives will go you know
Will we be your under class,
Or will be your working poor?
It's said we have a choice you know,
But now I'm not so sure you know
Many find it hard to live
A life they can't afford, you know

Hang out on the streets at night, or on the rotten stoop at home
When there is no money in, where else can you go?
Crack the whip, there is no doubt, they're happy that you're gone

We live in shacks by railroad tracks
Or on the edges of the town
Where our presence won't upset,
Or let suburban families down
The roofs are full of leaks and holes,
The basements crawl with rats you know
Living under slumlords who
Will gladly take the cash you know

Hang out on the streets at night, drink upon the stoop alone
Blame us hate us, curse our names, kick us while we're down
They'll carve your name right where you lay,
hey're happy that you're gone

They've watered many lives in fears,
Night and morning with no tears
Sunned it with their crooked smiles,
With their soft deceitful wiles
The people drugged upon the street,
No where to go, no one to meet
Sleeping in the dark doorways,
Or left to die down alley ways

Specters on some lonesome road, by the docks out in the cold
When there is no money in, where else can you go?
Crack the whip, there is no doubt, they're happy that you're gone

I've worked 'till the sweat has had me bet
With Russian, Czech and Pole
On shuddering jams up in the hydro dams
Or underneath the Thames in a hole
I grafted hard and I've got me cards
And many a ganger's fist across me ears

If you pride your life, don't join by Christ
With McAlpine's fusiliers
If you pride your life, don't join by Christ
With McAlpine's fusiliers!

MERRY PLOUGHBOY

Oh I am a merry ploughboy, I plough the fields all day,
But a sudden thought, came to my mind, that I should roam away
I've always hated slavery since the day that I was born
And I'm off to join the I.R.A, I'm off tomorrow morn

CHORUS:

*We're off to Dublin in the green In the green,
Where the helmets glisten in the sun
Where bayonets flash and rifles clash
To the echoes of a Thompson Gun.*

I'll leave behind my pick and spade I'll leave behind my plough
I'll leave behind my old grey mare, I'll no longer need them now
I'll leave behind my Mary, she's the girl I do adore
I wonder if she'll think of me when she hears those cannons roar
[CHORUS]

And when the war is over and dear old Ireland's free
I'll take her to the church to wed, and a rebel's wife she'll be!
[CHORUS x 2]

MCALPINE'S FUSILIERS

*It was in the year of 39, when the sky was full of lead.
When Hitler was heading for Poland, and Paddy for Hollyhead.
Come all you pincher laddies, and you long distant men.
Don't ever work for McAlpine, or Wimpy or John Lang.
For you'll stand behind a mixer till your skin is turned to tan.
And they'll say good on you Paddy, with your boat fare in your hand
The craic was good in Cricklewood and we wouldn't leave the Crown
With bottles flying and Biddies crying, sure Paddy was going to town
Oh mother dear I'm over here and I'm never coming back
What keeps me here is the rake of beer, The ladies, and the craic.*

As down the glen came McAlpine's men
With their shovels slung behind them
'Twas in the pub they drank the sub
And up in the spike you'll find them
They sweated blood and they washed down mud
With pints and quarts of beer
And now we're on the road again
With McAlpine's fusiliers

I stripped to the skin with Darky Finn
Way down upon the Isle of Grain
With the Horseface Toole then I knew the rule
No money if you stop for rain
McAlpine's God was a well filled hod
Your shoulders cut to bits and seared
And woe to he who's to looks for tea
With McAlpine's fusiliers

I remember the day that the Bear O'Shea
Fell into a concrete stairs
What the Horseface said, when he saw him dead
Well, it wasn't what the rich call prayers
I'm a navvy short was the one retort
That reached unto my ears
When the going's rough, well you must be tough
With McAlpine's fusiliers

One can never tell the way
That our lives will grow you know
Will we be your under class
Or will we be your working poor
Its said we have a choice you know,
But now I'm not so sure you know
So many find it hard to live
A life they can't afford you know

Hang out on the streets at night, or on the rotten stoop at home
When there is no money in, where else can you go?
They'll dance a jig upon your grave, they're happy that you're gone

HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN

Oh Sally my dear, it's you I'd be kissing
Oh Sally my dear, it's you I'd be kissing
She smiled and replied, you don't know what you're missing

Oh Sally my dear, I wish I could wed you
Oh Sally my dear, I wish I could bed you
She smiled and replied, "Then you'd say I'd misled you"

If all you young men were hares on the mountain
If all you young men were hares on the mountain
How many young girls would take guns and go hunting?

If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes
If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes
How many young girls would go beating the bushes?

If all you young men were fish in the water
If all you young men were fish in the water
How many young girls would undress and dive after?

But the young men are given to frisking and fooling
Oh the young men are given to frisking and fooling
So I'll leave them alone and attend to my schooling

HOT ASPHALT

Good evening, all my jolly lads, I'm glad to find you well
If you'll gather all around me, now, the story I will tell
For I've got a situation and begorra and begob
I can whisper all the weekly wage of nineteen bob
'Tis twelve months come October since I left me native home
After helping them Killarney boys to bring the harvest down
But now I wear the gansey and around me waist a belt
I'm the gaffer of the squad that makes the hot asphalt

*Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt*

The other night a copper comes and he says to me, McGuire
Would you kindly let me light me pipe down at your boiler fire?
And he planks himself right down in front, with hobnails up, till late
And says I, me decent man, you'd better go and find your bait
He ups and yells, I'm down on you, I'm up to all yer pranks
Don't I know you for a traitor from the Tipperary ranks?
Boys, I hit straight from the shoulder and I gave him such a belt
That I knocked him into the boiler full of hot asphalt

*Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt*

We quickly dragged him out again and we threw him in the tub
And with soap and warm water we began to rub and scrub
But devil the thing, it hardened and it turned him hard as stone
And with every other rub, sure you could hear the copper groan
I'm thinking, says O'Reilly, that he's lookin' like old Nick
And burn me if I am not inclined to claim him with me pick
Now, says I, it would be easier to boil him till he melts
And to stir him nice and easy in the hot asphalt

MARY'S SON OF IRELAND

There was a union man, rallied people of the land
When Ireland was wounded and violence in command
Larkin was in prison, Connelly had been shot
labour fought with strikes & burns, war on the Dublin docks
British rule was failing, repression on the rise
Brought in the Black & Tans, well this came as no surprise
The RIC had failed & so the violence spread
Mountjoy prison overcrowded with Ireland's working men

CHORUS:
*Well Christy had no gun, hadn't killed anyone
Believed in One Big Union for Ireland's working sons
As a people's leader he fought with wit and tongue
Another class war hero who's name was never sung*

The Union was rebuilt, OBU* the guiding light
Supple sought to do what Larkin might have tried
Break the structures of the crown, DORA**, & the AIT***
The stage was set for labour wars, general strike the key
He took the reins in Athy as a leader for the cause
Took action in Kildare against employers of the farms
For this he was arrested, silenced and was framed
An arrest that was illegal for his crime could not be named
[CHORUS]

False allegations, a bureaucratic sham
The state hoped to break the strike and take away their man
But Christy was believed in, he had the mass support
Those who hoped to break his back, lost in their own courts
Those corrupt politicians they'll die and go below
The horns rip their bodies and the devil take their soul
But a good Irish rebel, their name will live and grow
And look into the heavens, see Mary's spirit glow
[CHORUS x 2]

*one big union

** defence of the realm act

*** anglo irish treaty

KELLY THE BOY FROM KILLANE

What's the news, what's the news, O me bold Shelmalier
With your long barrel guns from the sea?
Say, what wind from the south brings a messenger here
With this hymn of the dawn for the free?
Goodly news, goodly news do I bring youth of Forth
Goodly news shall I hear Bargy man.
For the boys march at morn from the south to the north
Led by Kelly, the boy from Killane.

Tell me who is the giant with the gold curling hair
He who rides at the head of your band.
Seven feet is his height with some inches to spare
And he looks like a king in command.
O me boys that's the pride of the bold Shelmalier
'Mongst our greatest of heroes a man
Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly, the boy from Killane.

Enniscorthy is in flames and old Wexford is won
And tomorrow the barrow will cross
On the hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
That will batter the gateway to Ross.
All the Forth men and Bargy men will march o'er the heath
With brave Harvey to lead in the van
But the foremost of all in the grim gap of death
Will be Kelly, the boy from Killane.

But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross
And it set by the Slaney's red wave...
And poor Wexford stripped naked hung high on a cross
With her heart pierced by traitors and knaves.
Glory-o, Glory-o to her brave men who died
For the cause of long down-trodden man.
Glory-o to Mount-Leinster's own darling and pride
Dauntless Kelly, the boy from Killane!

*Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt*

You may talk about yer sailor lads, ballad singers and the rest
Your shoemakers and your tailors but we please the ladies best
The only ones who know the way their flinty hearts to melt
Are the lads around the boiler making hot asphalt
With rubbing and with scrubbing, sure I caught me death of cold
For scientific purposes, me body it was sold
In the Kelvin grove museum, me boys, I'm hangin' in me pelt
As a monument to the Irish, making hot asphalt

*Well, we laid it in a hollows and we laid it in the flat
And if it doesn't last forever, sure I swear, I'll eat me hat
Well, I've wandered up and down the world and sure I never felt
Any surface that was equal to the hot asphalt*

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to England's landing stage River Mersey fare thee well
I am bound for California, a place I know right well

CHORUS:

*So fare thee well my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee*

I've shipped aboard a Yankee sailing ship, Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the captain of her, they say she is a floating shame
[CHORUS]

I have sailed with Burgess once before, I think I know him well
If a man's a sailor he will get along, if not then he's sure in hell
[CHORUS]

Oh the ship in the harbour love, and I wish I could remain
For I know it will be a long, long time, before I ever see you again
[CHORUS x 2]

THE IRISH ROVER

On the fourth of July, 1806
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the Grand City Hall in New York
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft
And oh, how the wild wind drove her
She stood several blasts she had twenty-seven masts
And they called her The Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo Rags
We had two million barrels of stone
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs, Six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails
In the hold of The Irish Rover

There was ol' Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute
When the ladies lined up for a set
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With his smart witty talk, he was cock of the walk
And he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance
That he sailed in The Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
And your man, Mick MacCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper on The Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in the fog
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two
Just myself and the Captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, Oh Lord, what a shock!
The bulkhead was turned right over
It turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was drowned
That's the last of The Irish Rover!

JOIN THE BRITISH ARMY

When I was young I used to be as fine a man as ever you'd see
And the Prince of Wales he said to me 'Come join the British Army'

*Toora loora loora loo they're looking for monkeys up in the zoo
And says one if I had a face like you I'd join the British army*

Sara Connor baked a cake and all for poor old Slattery's sake
So I'll throw myself into the lake, pretending I was barmy

*Toora loora loora loo, I've made me mind up what to do
Now I'll work me ticket home to you, and ... the British army*

Sergeant Healy went away and his wife got in the family way
And the only words that she could say was 'Blame the British army'

*Toora loora loora loo, me curse upon the Labour pool
That took me darling boy from me to join the British army*

Corporal Sheane has a terrible mouth
Just give him a couple o' jars of stout
And he'll fight the enemy with his mouth
And save the British army

*Toora loora loora loo I've made me mind up what to do
Now I'll work me ticket home to you, and ... the British army!*